## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Gix months, 75 cents. No subscription for a period received.

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN MCELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 17, 1898

THE French have but recently adopted the jury system, but they have added a feature which seems a valuable improvement. They draw six supernumerary jurymen, who listen to the evidence, and take the places of any of the regular jurors who may become ill or otherwise disabled.

that last month ended the days of deficits hour during all that time, and which caused by the rushing in of foreign goods lost 200,000 men in deadly grapples before the present tariff law could be with him on the Peninsula, the plains enacted. Those stocks are now pretty of Manassas, at Antietam, Frederickswell exhausted, and the receipts from burg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, in customs will rise rapidly. Last month the Wilderness, on the Chickahominy, ministration had aroused the greatest inthe deficit was \$9,000,000.

THE Spaniards are the last ones to ery out about "a stolen letter." Nowhere in Europe is there less sanctity to the mails than in Spain. The officials set the example by opening any letter that they may suspect contains something that they would like to know, and the people are no more scrupulous.

COMMISSIONER EVANS made 1,245 original allowances last week, an increase of 23 over the previous week. For the corresponding week of 1897 Commissioner Murphy made 1,229 original allowances, and for the corresponding week of 1892 Commissioner Raum made 7,660.

ing Post-the chief organ of the Mugwumps-is the only paper in the country that stood up for De Lome. It brutally attacks Secretary Sherman.

It has been discovered that we have in the country only two rounds of ammunition for each gun mounted in the fortifications. We must be expecting to make war on the installment plan.

THERE is only one way to win victory in the present bitter fight. That is for all veterans to get together, and stand together under the banner of THE NA-TIONAL TRIBUNE, without regard to political differences or previous conditions. We must present a solid, united front to the common enemy. This is no time to bandy words about "long service and short service," "first enlistments and latter-day recruits." Every man who enlisted in the army, and was honorably discharged, is our comrade, and should stand shoulder to shoulder with us in the great fight.

JAPAN has depreciated the value of Port Arthur to Russia by the decision to make Wei-hai-Wei a part of the Mikado's Empire. Wei-hai-Wei is as commanding in its position as Port Arthur, and Japan has so far held it as security for the war indemnity due from China. By taking the title to it Japan relieves China from the necessity of borrowing to pay the debt, for which China is gratified, since she could not ing the others. Russia, who has been manuvering to keep Japan off the Chinese mainland, finds herself frustrated, as well as the strategic value of Port Arthur considerably lowered.

INSIDE OF REBELDOM.

Those of our readers who followed the story of Dr. Cannon in "Inside of Rebeldom," will be gratified to learn that the author has consented to furbish up his diary from the beginning of the We look forward with great confidence and gifted contributor. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, and the first three years of his service will be covered by the forthcoming narrative. It will be richly illustrated by our artist from historical sources.

THE VETERANS' APPEAL. The ancient Greek said:

He gained his suit. The veterans to-day appeal from the American people sated with the misrepresentations and lies of a horde of venal and reckless scribblers to the Ameri-

can people proud of a glorious past, and

sensible of the measureless cost of main-

taining this Government. They appeal from a people surfeited with the systematic and organized calumniation of the best manhood our schools, churches, and free institutions could produce, to a people who have faith that American soil is prolific of high-minded men, ready and willing to fight and die for principle.

They appeal from the selfish brutality of the mercenary mob to the men of thought and reflection, who know that their own fathers who fought the battles of the Union were not cowards and shirks, not hirelings or malingerers.

They point to the history and achievements of the Union armies in every part of the thousands of miles of battleline which they maintained to sustain this appeal. Where was there an army, a corps, a division, a brigade or a regiment that failed to do its whole duty, and rise to the highest level of expectation? Is there one which it is not high honor to sacrificed everything at the country' have belonged?

They point to the Army of the Potomac, which for four long years was every day in the presence of a powerful, audacious and aggressive enemy, whose rifles REPRESENTATIVE DINGLEY thinks and cannon were searcely silent for an and around Petersburg. Could such an army have been made up of shirks and right-feeling man was shocked at the

They point to the Army of the Cumberland, which has more of its heroic dead buried at Mill Springs, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and upon a hundred less noted battlefields than it ever had at any one time in its ranks. Was there a place under its glorious, tattered banners for poltroons and mercenaries?

They point to the Army of the Tennessee, which began its career of unbroken victory at Fort Donelson, which lost a third of its number at Shiloh, which encountered the deadly fever-THE soldier-hating New York Even- breath of the Mississippi swamps as resolutely as it did the hosts of the enemy, which forced the opposing army to surrender in a body at Vicksburg, which followed and fought the rebels through every State in the South but two. Where been just and reasonable expectations. were the bounty-jumpers, the deserters, the malingerers in that gallant host?

tier, which fought superior numbers for interested in the matter should attenfour long years, and finally redeemed tively study the forecasts of the political from their grasp the great States of weather. Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, a country greater in extent than any two European Empires, except Russia. Was that the work of spiritless

They appeal from the heartless calumnies of to-day to the fiery record of 1861-5.

They appeal from the subsidized vituperation of the New York Sun, the decadent malice of Harper's Weekly, the shoddy Pharisaism of the New York but have not done so on account of being Evening Post, the pestilent spleen of their servile imitators and followers to the official reports of 2,200 battles, in every one of which men fought gallantly and died heroically for the salvation of the Union and the welfare and prosperity of those who live to-day.

They appeal from the present greed of Gold to the glories of Gettysburg; from the sordid selfishness of Wall street to the godlike self-sacrifice of the sanguinary field of Chickamauga; from borrow from one power without offend- the musty, heartless, thrice-locked vaults of the Money Power, to the blazing, devouring hell of the Wilderness; from to-day's breathless, hungry hunt of the dollar, to those sublime days when men thought of naught but the Nation's deliverance, Freedom's peril, and the welfare of posterity.

They appeal from the fleshless, bloodless, merciless cupidity of the moneywar and bring it to the point where he grabbers; from their soulless lies, their began in the portion already printed. aspersions, their calumnies, to the great, generous heart of the American people, to the continued popularity of this genial | who value lovalty and patriotism above gold and bonds, who esteem courage and self-sacrifice above coupons and dividends, and who honor true manhood as Americas's most priceless possession.

And they will not appeal in vain.

"POLITICS AND PENSIONS." Shallow thinkers prate tiresomely

"I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip about "divorcing politics and pensions." They are the same class that prattle about "divorcing the tariff from politics." Such men are simply unable to comprehend the genius of our institutions. Politics in the larger and better sense is the means by which the whole people make known and enforce their wishes in National matters. There always has been politics, there always will be politics, and there always should be politics about any matter of great moment to many people. That is what politics is for. Parties are not created to get men offices, but to carry out the wishes of the people on important questions. One party proposes to take one course on those questions, and another a modified or directly opposite course. The people decide which they want done, and express this decision at the polls. It is the greatest strength of our Government, the best assurance of its perpetuity that they can do this.

The proper and honorable discharge of the obligations of the Nation toward the veterans who saved its existence is one of the most important questions which can come before the people of this country. It is one which involves our National honor in redeeming th promises made to those men when they call, it involves the Nation's sacred faitl and credit, it has the highest conse quences with reference to the future, and in every way it is eminently proper that it should enter deeply into the politics of the country and be made a subject of decision by the people.

The subject of pensions was very properly one of the leading issues of th great campaign of 1892. The treatment of veterans by the Cleveland Addignation all over the country. Every cruelties and injustices perpetrated under the mask of "pension-reform, and voted for more decent treatment of the veterans. The result was an overwhelming verdict in favor of a more liberal policy. It is not going too far to say that the expectations entertained at that time have fallen short of realization, and that the dissatisfaction is widespread and profound. The policy which is now pursued is not the policy the people voted for, which they decided in favor of by a majority approximating a million votes, and which they had every reason to expect would be pursued. The present Commissioner of Pensions has not been the change from Commissioner Lochren that was expected and desired. The rules and orders of the Interior Department have fallen short of what we believe to have

The natural outlet for expressing the deep discontent over these shortcomings They point to the Army of the Fron- are the polls, and those who are most

THE DE LONE INCIDENT.

Last week there appeared in the newspapers of the country the following letter, written by the Spanish Minister to this Government, to a Spaniard, who isfaction. was once a Minister of Justice, and is now the editor of a Madrid paper:

LEGATION DE ESPANA. WASHINGTON.

Eximo Senor Don Jose Canalejas: My distinguished and Dear Friend-You need not apologize for not having written to me. I also ought to have written to you, weighed down with work and nous sommes

The situation here continues unchanged. Everything depends on the political and military success in Cuba. The prologue of this second method of warfare will end the pointed, and it relieves us in the eyes of this they believe to be so immaculate.

Until then we will not be able to see clearly, and I consider it to be a loss of time and an advance by the wrong road, the sending of emissaries to the rebel field, the negotiating with the autonomists not yet declared to be legally constituted, and the discovery of | C. Councilman, Co. F. 89th N. Y., aged 58. the intentions and purpose of this Government. The exiles will return one by one. and when they return will come walking into the sheep fold, and the chiefs will gradually return. Neither of these had the courage to

The message has undeceived the insurgents, who expected something else, and has paralyzed the action of Congress, but I consider it bad. Besides the natural and inevitable coarseness with which he repeats all that the press and public opinion of Spain has said of Weyler, it shows once more what McKinley | cle, 6, Ladies of the C.A.R. A widow and is, weak and catering to the rabble, and besides a low politician, who desires to leave a jingoes of his party.

Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, it will 1831 as a private in Co. A, 11th Ill., and won only depend on ourselves whether he will duty prove bad and adverse to us. I agree enbe encouraged, if not by the Government, at | to the rank of Captain. least by part of the public opinion.

are English, and at the same time that they H. Ward Post.

are correspondents of the Journal, they are also correspondents of the best newspapers and reviews of London. Thus it has been since the beginning. To my mind the only object of England is that the Americans should occupy themselves with us and leave her in peace, and if there is a war, so much the better; that would further remove what is threatening her-although that will never

It would be most important that you should agitate the question of commercial relations, even though it would be only for effect, and that you should send here a man of importance in order that I might use him to make a propaganda among the Senators and others in opposition to the junta and to win over

There goes Amblarad. I believe he comes too deeply taken up with little political matters, and there must be something very

Adela returns your salutation, and we wish von in the new year to be a messenger of peace and take this New Year's present to Always your attentive friend and servant,

who kisses your hands, ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME. Naturally, this produced a profound

sensation. The references to President McKinley were an intolerable insult to the head of the Nation. The propositions to blind us by pretending to negotiate a commercial treaty giving us important advantages, and to lobby our Senators, were scarcely less objection-

Senor de Lome did not deny having written the letter, and the State Department immediately cabled to Minister Woodford to demand his recall. De Lome anticipated this, however, by cabling his resignation, which the Spanish Government accepted by telegraph. This prevented the State Department from sending him his passports. There is some criticism of Minister Woodford's delay in presenting the cablegram to the Spanish Ministry, which gave time to allow the resignation and acceptance.

The Spanish Ministry has since given Minister Woodford assurances that they will formally disavow Senor De Lome's utterances, and the incident is regarded as diplomatically closed.

But what diplomacy cannot close or obliterate is the rankling memory of the Spanish Minister's words in regard to our President and our country. That they were privately expressed, with no thought of meeting the public eye, makes them all the more galling. They betray | good deal more about war than you think." his inner thoughts, beneath his mask of diplomatic courtesy and compliment. There is no appreciation or gratitude for our phenomenal long-suffering and forbearance, for our patient endurance of measureless injuries to our commerce, for our tolerance of barbarities and cruelties to people at our very doors, and claiming our protection in the name of humanity, for our scrupulous regard of our international obligations, for our expenditure of millions of dollars in the ungrateful work of policing our own coasts against help being sent to the struggling Cuban patriots. For all this we receive only sneers and defamation.

Diplomacy cannot salve this over. It brings energetic action in favor of the down-trodden Cubans much nearer.

## PERSONAL.

Past Commander in Chief Wm, Warner of Kansas City, Mo., has been appointed United States District Attorney for the Western District of Missouri, which carries a salary of \$5,000 a year. Maj. Warner was not a candidate for the place, which was struggled for very sharply by a number of aspirants. He was chosen because of the difficulty of deciding between the claims of these, and it was known that his appointment would give universal sat-

When Gen. Harrison is approached with regard to h's candidacy for the Presidency in 1900 he replies that he is taking abso lute'y no interest in politics at present, and no one is authorized to speak for him.

## MUSTERED OUT.

Jan. 19, Levi Carpenter. Carroll Post. 279 conducted the funeral services. WHALEY.-At Prairie du Chien, Wis. Mai, Edward Whaley, 6th Wis., aged 61, Comrade Whaley moved to Prairie du Chien

in 1852, and was a member of the first volunteer company from that city to enter the service. He was promoted Captain of Co. 6th Wis., and received the brevet of Major for gallant service. After the war country of a part of the responsibility of Mai. Whaley was for 27 years Postmaster. what may happen there, and they must cast He was a member of the G.A.R., I.O.O. F., the responsibility upon the Cubans, whom and other societies. He was Vice-President of the Iron Brigade Association. DUNLAP.—At Abilene, Kan., Tompkins Dunlap, Co. B, 8th Mich. Comrade Dunlap had been a member of the G.A.R. since 1866, and at the time of his death belonged

to Abilene Post, 63. COUNCILMAN.—At Hancock, Minn., T. He was a member of Hunter Post. The Masonic fraternity conducted the funeral. COUNCILMAN .- At Hancock, Minn., C. P. Councilman, Co. K, 9th Minn., and mem-ber of Hunter Post, 114.

ALLEN, -At Junction City, Kan., Cyrus leave en-masse, and they will not have the courage to thus return.

Allen, Co. C, 104th Ohio, aged 56. He was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, and served three years in the 194th Ohio; moved to Junction City in 1882, and was the first Commander of Post 132. He was also a member of several societies. ZIMMERMAN, -At Ord, Neb., Montgom-

ery A. Zimmerman, Co. H, 161st N. Y. He was a member of Foot Post, 40, and Ord Cirfive daughters survive him. LOVELAND.—At Soldiers' Home, Leavendoor open to me and to stand well with the worth, Kan., Capt. Jerome H. Loveland, lingues of his party.

prove bad and adverse to us. I agree entirely with you—without a military success nothing will be accomplished there, and without military and political success there

GANTLEBERRY.—At Riga, Mich., Capt. Emanuel B. Cantleberry. He was born in Holmes, N. Y., in 1839. He enlisted as a private in Co. H, 14th Ohio, and served is here always danger that the insurgents will | four years and nearly four months, rising

MOORE-At Worcester, Mass., Thomas Moore, aged 52. Comrade Moore served I do not believe you pay enough attention to the role of England. Nearly all the newspaper canalle which swarms in your hotel paper canalle which swarms in your hotel



Si's Father Comes Down to the Camp of the "Mother," said Mr. Josiah Klegg, sr. suddenly laying down the County paper, and beginning to polish his spectacles with his red bandanna, "do you know what I've the greatest mind in the world to do?"

It was an evening in February, 1863, and the family had been sitting for some hours after supper around the bright fire, engaged in various occupations.

"No, father," said Mrs. Klegg, looking up from her knitting with such interest that she dropped several stitches. The girls stopped their sewing, and turned expectant eyes on their father. When Mr. Josiah Klegg, sr. announced that he had a great mind to do anything, that thing stood in imminent danger of being done. He was not given to visionary schemes, still less to idle speech. He thought slowly and doggedly, but when he had arrived at a conclusion there were 200 pounds of solid, stubborn, unchangeable Indiana farmer behind the conclusion.

"What is it, father?" asked Mrs. Klegg, making an automatic effort to gather up her

"I've a good mind to go down to Murfrees boro and see Si," responded the father. "Why, father!" gasped the three 'women

"Go down there among them gorillas?" ciaculated Mrs. Klegg. "And John Morgan raiders," echoed Maria.

"And Secesh soljers, butternut brigands, rebel rascals," added 'Tilda "Well," answered Mr. Klegg, deliberately, they've been peggin' away at Si for a good

many menths now, and they haven't killed him by a jug-full. Guess I kin stand 'em for a few days. The papers say that the army 's settled down at Murfreesboro for the Winter, and that the railroad's runnin' all right from Looviville clean there. I kin do nothin' round the farm for the next three or four weeks, till Spring opens, except the chores about the house, which little Jimmie Watkins kin tend to as well as I kin. I've got all my fences in good shape, and split all the rails I need. There's wood enough cut to last the Winter out. I've hauled all the wheat to town I'm goin' to till prices go higher. I finished gittin' out my clover se d yesterday, and now there's nothin' left for a month but to do boy's work round the house, or talk politics down at the store. I'd rather go down and see Si.

"Why, father," remonstrated Mrs. Klegg, how kin you ever git along in them camps and live the way them soljers do?"

"You forgit," said her husband, with touch of dignity, "that I druv team for a whole week in the Black Hawk war. I wanted to enlist, but I was too young. Then I turned out and drilled with the militia as long as there was any musters. I know a "How do you s'pose you'll ever find Si in all that ruck o' men?" said Mrs. Klegg,

"O, they all know Si by this time," returned the father confidently. "Besides, he's an officer now. I'll go right to Gen. Rosecrans's Headquarters. He's probably right near him, where he kin have him at any time. But don't write to Si that I'm comin'? I want to surprise him."

As soon as it was seen that the father was determined to go, mother and daughters entered upon the scheme with the greatest

Each began to think of some useful thing that they could send to Si to add to his comfort. Mrs. Klegg had already knit a couple of pairs of lambs-wool socks, and was at work on a third. Maria had knit a pair of mittens, gay with the National colors and representing the flag. The blue field with the white stars was around the wrists, while the red and white stripes ran down the fingers. When they were put on the effect was

picturesque, not to say startling.
"When Si holds up his hands," remarked Matilda, "they'll look like big hollybock blossoms, and the men'll wonder where he got posies in Winter." Matilda contributed a red-flannel shirt,

upon which she had been engaged since the beginning of Winter reminded her that such a present would be very acceptable to Si. She had done a lot of her finest stitching upon it. Si's initials were wrought in white thread on the cuffs, and on the bosom was a maze of white lines representing hearts, anchors, roses, and flags of the Union. In the center of these, in letters of bold outline but rugged execution, was the legend: "Josiah Klegg. His Shirt. From Tildy." "Round is the ring,

That has no end;

So is my luv for you, "I know it ain't quite right to speak of Si as a friend," she explained, when she spread the shirt out for the family's examination and admiration; "but I couldn't think of nothin' to rhyme with brother."

"I could," said Maria, in her superior way. 'I'd said somethin' like this:

"The ring's no end From which to t'other; So is the love I send My oneliest brother."

"Maria, you always was so much smarter'n me in writin' poetry," admitted Matilda.

'It would've bin ever so much nicer. But it's too late now to do it over agin." Annabel was sorely puzzled what to send. She wanted something that would be indica-

tive of her feelings toward Si, and yet maiden modesty restrained with the fear of sending something that might be too significant. She spent a sleepless night thinking it over, and finally decided to send a new ambrotype of rself, with a lock of her hair. It is need less to say that this kept Si warmer than a whole bale of flannel shirts would have done. A thousand things occurred to the family that Si would enjoy, from a couple of feather pillows to a crock of "head-cheese," of which Si used to be immensely fond. The old hair



STRONGLY-BUILT, FARMER-LOOKING MAN ENTERED THE TRAIN." trunk was brought down from the garret, and its dimensions studied. But the next evening

on to, and keep your eye on every minute. I think the Army o' the Cumberland is the most honestest army in the whole world. I'd | yelled : knock any man down in a minute that hinted there was a single thief in it. All the same, the only sure way to keep anything you want is to never let go of it for a second. You'd better only take a carpetsack, and look mighty sharp after that, the nearer you git to the army. Keep one eye on it all the time after you cross the Ohio River, and both eyes on it when you git to Murfreesboro."

"No, sir-ree," said he, emphatically.

A week later a strongly-built, farmer-looking man entered the Nashville train at Louis- put in for Si's delectation. ville and looked anxiously around among the crowd of soldiers with which it was filled. His full, resolute face was destitute of whiskers, except a clump of sandy hair on his beside Klegg snatched up the umbrella and chin. He wore a coarse but warm overcoat, a black slouch hat, around his neck was a voluminous varn comforter, and mittens of off, the carpetsack trodden under foot, the the same generous proportions were on his windows broken out, and finally Mr. Klegg hands, one of which held a bulging blue umbrella and the other a large striped carpet- mass of struggling, fighting, striking and

He found a vacant seat beside a rough-look ing soldier, who had evidently been drinking, placed his precious carpetsack between his heavy, well-oiled boots, stuck his umbrella beside it, unwound his comforter, laid it back on his shoulders, took off his mittens, unbuttoned his overcoat, and took from his pocket a long plug of navy tobacco, from which he cut off a liberal chew and then courteously tendered knife and plug to his neighbor, with the remark: "Have a chaw, stranger."

The soldier took the plug, cut it in two, put the bigger part in his own pocket, sliced a liberal portion off the other for his own mouth, and then rather reluctantly handed tne remainder, with the knife, back to Mr. Klegg, without so much as a "thankee."

"Manners seem a little different in the army from what they are in Injianny," thought Mr. Klegg; "but mebbe the soldier's not had a chance to git any terbacker for a long time." .

He chewed meditatively for some minutes, and then made another friendly advance toward his seat-partner. "S'pose we'll start purty soon, won't we,

"The devil you do," responded the other surlily, and sending over a strong whisky breath. "Don't know much about this blamed old start-when-it-pleases and stopwhen-you-don't-want-to railroad. We'll start when some young sardine with shoulderstraps finishes his breakfast, and stop when John Morgan tears up the track. If you didn't feed your hogs any better'n this train | Klegg recovered his carpetsack, his comruns, old Hayseed, they'd starve to death in a forter, mittens, hat and umbrella, and sat-

"He ain't jest what you'd call perlite," thought Mr. Klegg, as he meditatively chewed "If it warn't for startin' another fight," he for a little while longer. "But mebbe that's said to himself, "I'd punch his infernal that way too."

He chewed meditatively for a few minutes longer. The air was getting very redolent of the fumes from his neighbor's breath. hope Si ain't got to drinking like that," he sighed, as a particularly strong whiff reached him. If he has, I won't rest a minute till I've yanked him up before Gen. Rosecrans and made him take the pledge. Gen. Rosecrans can't afford to have officers around him who

ing toward him, "give us another bite o' that terbacker o' yours, will you?" Mr. Klegg did not like the tone nor the

gan prudently clipping off a fair-sized chew for his companion himself. "O, the devil, that ain't no chaw," said the other, pulling the tobacco and knife from



THE FREE FIGHT.

backer, ole Hawbuck. You kin git plenty looked profitable to make an attack. They He sliced a strip off clear across the plug, and stuffed it into his mouth

"You don't chaw terbacker. You jest eat t." remonstrated the long-suffering Mr.

"Here, I'll take some o' that, too," said another soldier on the seat in front, snatching at the knife and tobacco. "No, you won't you sardine," angrily re-

sponded the first soldier. "This gentleman's a friend o' mine. I won't see him robbed.' The reply was a blow, and the two were soon mixed up in a savage fight. Mr. Klegg was alarmed, lest one of them should be burt with the heavy, sharp knife, and he mixed in to get it in his hand. In the scuffle his hat, mittens and comforter were thrown to the floor and trampled in the tobacco juice. The provost guard rushed in, a stalwart Sergeant separated the combatants, jammed the first soldier down in the seat until the timbers cracked, banged the other one's head against the side of the car, and

"Confound you, don't either o' you raise a hand or open your mouths, or I'll break both and asked: your necks. Old man, you keep mighty "What's the matter, 'Squire?" quiet, too. Hain't you got no sense to mix Mr. Klegg explained. up in such a row? You're old enough to know better. I'll snatch you off this train if you make any more disturbance."

Mr. Klegg's blood was up. He wanted to thrash the whole crowd, including the Sergeant, and felt equal to it. But the cry was raised, that the train was going. The Sergeant hastened off, with a parting admonition to him to keep still if he knew what was good for him.

"I'm afeared the army's a mighty rough place," thought Mr. Klegg, as he gathered up his soiled belongings and tried to straighten them out. "I wonder if it'll git wass the nearer we git to the front?"

The train pulled out of Louisville, and he became interested in the great banks of red earth, crowned with surly, black-mouthed cannon, where the forts were, the rows of white tents in the camps, the innumerable droves of horses and mules in the corrals, and the long trains of army wagons.

"I'm goin' to stock up with some horses when I git back," he said to himself. "The Government seems to need a powerful sight o' them, and prices is goin' up faster'n

Things had now been tolerably quiet in the car for over half an hour, entirely too long for a party of soldiers returning to the front. Monotonous peace was obnoxious to them. A two-fisted young fellow up toward the front rose up, drained the last drops from a pint flask, dashed the bottle on the floor, and

velled: "Here's for a quiet life, and peace and good will. I belong to John F. Miller's Brigade, the best brigade in the Army of the Cumberland, and the only one that captured Cumberland, and the only one that captured any guns at Stone River. I can lick any man Oneida; Joseph F. Wilson, Captain, Co. E. in McCook's Corps."

The answering yell that went up seemed to indicate that nearly all in the car belonged 'Don't you never take no trunk nor no box. Don't you take nothin' that you can't hang to McCook's Corps. There was a general peeling off of overcoats, and a rush forward of answerers to his bold challenge. A few

> "Hooray for Miller's Brigade!" "Hooray for Crittenden's Corps!"

"Hooray for Pap Thomas!" and started in to help out the Miller man. Mr. Klegg rose to his feet in dismay. Before he could think the soldier beside him picked up the carpetsack and flung it at the Miller's Brigade man. Mr. Klegg groaned as he thought of the consequences to a jar of honey and a crock of butter, which Mrs. Klegg had

The combatants came together with the hearty zeal of men who had been looking for a fight for a straight month. The soldier began laying about him. The crash was fearful. The backs of the seats were wrenched found himself on the floor of the car under a kicking men.



MR. KLEGG READY FOR ACTION.

The train came to a halt at a station. The guards on the platform rushed in, and by dint of a vigorous use of gun-butts and other persuasives, and more strong language than Mr. Klegg had ever heard before in all his life, succeeded in quieting the disturbance and making the men take their seats. Mr. down again. He turned around and glared at the soldier by his side.

But the soldier had gone to sleep; he lolled his head over on Mr. Klegg's shoulder and snored loudly. For two or three hours afterward the train

rattled along without particular incident. Mr. Klegg recovered his composure, and got very much interested in the country through which they were passing, and its farming possibilities. These did not strike him favorably, and he was more than ever convinced drink. 'Taint right to trust men's lives to that the Wabash Valley was the garden spot of the world. Finally, the train stopped and "Say, ole Sorrel-top," said the soldier, turn- backed on to a switch to allow another to

near the track, with a long shelf in front, manner, but he produced his tobacco, and beupon which were displayed sandwiches, pies, boiled eggs, and other eatables. The men all rushed out of the car. Mr. Klegg had begun to feel hungry himself, and joined them. "How much for that pie," he asked, point-

An enterprising man had put up a shanty

"Half-a-dollar," answered the keeper. "Fifty cents for pies, 25 cents for sandwiches, 10 cents for a cup of coffee."

"Too blamed much," shouted a chorus of voices. "An infernal pirate come down here to skin the soldiers. Let's clean him out." Before Mr. Klegg fairly understood the words everything was snatched up. Those who did not get hold of any of the viands began on the shed. It was torn to pieces, the stove kicked over, the coffee spilled on the ground, and the eating-house keeper and his assistants scuttled away out of danger. The whistle sounded, they all rushed back into the cars, and Mr. Klegg had to stay his

hunger with another chew of tobacco. Again there was tolerable peace for several hours, broken at last by the sudden stoppage of the train out in the country, the sound of shots, and the yell of "Guerrillas! Guer-

Everybody bolted out of the cars. Those who had guns buckled on their carridgeboxes, and formed in line ready for orders. A squad of rebel cavalry had been trying to tear up the track, but were surprised by the unexpected appearance of the train. They had fallen back to the top of the hill, to see how many were aboard, and whether it were keeping up a desultory fire at long

Mr. Klegg had seen a gun standing in the corner as he ran out. He picked it up and joined one of the squads. He was no coward, and if there had to be fighting, he was willing to do his share.

"Bully for you, old Hayseed," said the man who had wanted to whip any man in "You're made the right wing of the army. of the right stuff after all. Others around him nodded approval, and

Mr. Klegg was conscious that the social atmosphere was more pleasant for him. The guerrillas finally decided to give the job up and rode away, after yelling some very uncomplimentary things about Yankee

soldiers generally. When Mr. Klegg returned to his seat he found his carpetsack, umbrella, mittens, and comforter gone. Likewise the man who had been riding with him. He waxed very wroth, and lifted up his voice to let them know it. Several around began to guy him, but suddenly the man from Miller's Brigade forced his way through the crowd

"Well, you've got to have every one of

them things back again, if I've to lick every man on the train. I'll not see as old a man and as good a man as you are mistreated where I am. I've got a father myself." This time he was in the large majority. All of McCook's men were with him. A general hunt was instituted through the train.

and one by one his possessions were recovered and brought back to him. "Thankee, gentlemen; thankee very kindly. Will any o' you gentlemen have a chaw o'

terbacker? It's all I have to offer you, but it's good. When the train pulled into Nashville that night a very tired old farmer got off and in-

"How much further is it to Murfreesboro?" "About 25 miles," some one answered.

"I'm awful glad to bear it. If it was 30 miles I don't believe I could stand it." Deaths in an Illinois Post. R. W. Burt, Peoria, Ill., sends the follow-

ing list of deaths in Bryner Post, 67, Peoria; Jarius G. Evans, First L'eutenant, Co. G. 76th Ohio; Andrew McGinnis, Co. F, 13th Ill. Cav.; Ira T. Dubois, Co. B, 17th Ill.; David I. Finch, Co. I. 10th Conn.; Alfred Ealey, Co. F, 79th Ind.; James H. Oden, Captain, Co. I, 7th Ky. Cav.; Samuel E. Adams, First Lieutenant, Co. C, 30th Ohio, and First Lieutenant, Co. C, 81st Obio; P. F. Elliott, Major, 11th Ill. Cav.; N. C. Northup, of a Rhode Island reg ment; Daniel S. Van Gordon, Co. F, 125th Ill.; Heary Hum-phries, Co. G, 14th Ill.; John Gimbel, Co E, 18th Conn.; James A. Vaughan, Bugler,